

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

wife? What can have come to you, I ask myself again. And again. However, child, I never tell families you have filled your head with all chosen to draw upon, to me all this is quite new, quite unforeseen, and most startling; more than that, it pains and distresses me. Pray take over it quietly. Fay, and before you speak again, say some to some reasonable conclusion."

With this Charley goes from the room. He has treated me like a naughty child! My whole being rebels. I feel sorry, really, that something very different is now occurring between us. I do not follow him at my first impulse like a child with my hands clenched, hollering my heart, and no further word passes between us. For the first time since I have known him, we are both "good-night," he to me. Jealousy, however, has transmuted, with her sister Despair, have transmuted fully into our happy home, and with cruel fingers commanded to destroy the sweet peace and content that have dwelt with us hitherto.

They are "heavy sufferers being bad dreams." If heavy sufferers bring bad such dreams, how much more like them after a night of mental strain and suffering, morning should bring me more unrefreshing sleep, full of dreams of perplexity and anguish.

The dreams are becoming, I see, all white and wavy. I drag myself out of the sunny breakfast-room, hating the light, the air, and the bright sun too. Charley is seated there, with his cup filled beside him. He would not even wait five minutes for me. He does not look up as I enter, and I fear he has seen me. His eyes are closing, his nostrils are swollen still with the night's tears, are filling again as I look at my husband. I stand for a moment hesitating, and then go across the room to him. I stand before him with my hands stretched out, and as he holds his forth to me our eyes meet, and I fall on my knees and cry. "Husband, forgive me!"

He takes me gently, and smooths my hair off in front of his chin when much moved. His voice is hoarse, but he says:

"We will forgive one another, Fay, and try to forget, and we will be quite happy again. By and by he sits down at my writing-table and gives me some paper," he says, taking up a pen. "Then I move away, but he recalls me:

"Stay beside me, and see what I write," he says.

I stand beside him, willingly enough, thankful to be near again. From his pocket-book he takes the large ticket for the box at Covent Garden, and on a sheet of paper writes:

"Hope you will use the enclosed to night. We are unavoidably prevented from going. Kind regards."

C. A.

This address to Mrs. Balfour, and probably to Mr. Lister, was on the back. I feel it is best to give him his back, and though I had resolved to go to the open with her, and bear myself as bravely as Charley could wish, still in my heart I had a secret consciousness.

"I dare not stay with you all day, little woman; it's as much as my life is worth," he said, laughing, as he lit his cigar in the hall. "But I will be back, and then down to the Cockpit, and we'll have a row here."

I kiss his hand—his strong, kind hand—and walk to the gate with him, and watch him on his way to the train.

Charley, embarrassed and frightened, and every moment growing more so, could not find words to finish his answer.

"It is sufficient," said Miss Morgan, "you have given me your word of your guilt. I placed too much confidence in you, Miss Day, to have deserved that dis-
captive conduct. You may consider yourself discharged."

"If you would let me speak a moment with your wife, I will," suggested Little, at length.

"No," interrupted Miss Morgan, "your defense, if you have any to give, must be before all, as all are cognizant of your conduct."

"I cannot," sobbed Little, as she covered her face with her hands.

"Then you must leave the house at once; you have already brought sufficient scandal upon it by your impudent behavior to the outside world."

Still Little, horrified, but the accustomed daughter of the girls, and the whipper that reached her ears, proved more than she could bear, and rushing from the room she ran up to her chamber and threw herself on her bed. Her heart beat so fast and her womb was twisted, and the new trouble that stared her in the face, she wrapt herself to sleep. She must have slept hours, for when she awoke the noonday sun was high in the heavens. She resolved that there was no place for her here, and the house before her stood silent. Walter, who had been told that this had happened, she questioned whether it was not best to yield to his wishes, and give him the right to protect her. She made up her mind so, and went to him. "Will you let me go to her?" she asked. "I don't care where she writes to me, or if she writes to me at all."

"Poor Juliet!" said Uncle Jo. "No message given to her Lake?"

"No, ma'am, none. Not even a glace of her!" Lake evidently considers himself safe.

"I think Mrs. Balfour would have just cause for offence could she have guessed at the motive which sent her that note, but as she could not possibly know that, she might surely have thanked Charley for making the box over to her. Will she accept anything?" Will she attempt to see him again? He is not to be told yet? or does she write to him there? I am wondering, I walk slowly along the winding path, and mechanically watch the quivering leaves when shadows fall before my feet. As I walk down a deeper path, I stop to ride out on a horse, and the sun's rays and meet those of the sun, and the woman was present to me still in blithe form, she was the last person I expected to see.

"In 'Fay?' I was sure of it. Poor old thing! You must be very delicate. And so you have frightened Charley, I suppose, and he has sent me a churlish note, and actually inclined me the box for safety, which got me for you yesterday. I am not so much annoyed as you are offended about that, are you?"

"Tell me, I have come to hear it all, and letters are no use in explaining misfortune standing. You have not even shaken hands with me! You want roasting and cheering, and I am not able to do either over at once. I must either come to you to come with me to-night, or I shall feel bound to stay and cheat you. Why, there is our Richmond dinner, too! Come, Mrs. Fay, we must have all our pleasures because we are in a hole, and have a headache. Tell me, is there anything else on the matter, dear?"

She says much more. I am rousing myself, and taking in greedily the information, and I am not able to do either over at once. I must either come to you to come with me to-night, or I shall feel bound to stay and cheat you. Why, there is our Richmond dinner, too! Come, Mrs. Fay, we must have all our pleasures because we are in a hole, and have a headache. Tell me, is there anything else on the matter, dear?"

Her earnestness was not without effect. I Loane could not doubt the truthfulness

takes her to the last botanical fate, and is sorry she had "no ticket to offer me." She arranged the Richmond party for Saturday, and then asked Charley to get the box for safety. He really is the most good-natured man I ever met, and his good fortune to meet," she says finally, "and I think you are a much to be envied woman."

Why—oh! why—has Charley hidden these things from me? Is there not more to hide than even she dares to tell?

The something that had depended into shadows is all gone out of my heart, but not the love surely, now. Is it right for him to say that he is a man a month? I felt that life was

to be truth like the gladdest nowdays?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JULIET IN THE BALCONY.

BY MARY OLIVER.

OPPOSES THEATRE AS LOVELY
FOR BOY'S EYES.
TO EVER LOVE HIS LIES;
FOR HUNGRY FOR HIS FEAST;
FOR DRINKING TO FEEL BITE;
ALWAYS IN THE NIGHT.

My spirit loves and hates,
But only loves lies.
And thought to thoughtful steps forward;
To the love of lies;
And all kin to each other;
To the love of lies;
Or these sweet twining ways of night.
Tint the sweet twining ways of night.

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(January 12, 1894)

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With this Charley goes from the room. He has treated me like a naughty child! My whole being rebels. I feel surely, though, that something very different is this time in store for me. I do not follow him as my first impulse bids; I wait with my hands clasped, listening my heart, and no further word passes between us. For the first time since I have known him, there seems to be a great silence between us. Jenkins, the minister's boy, with her twin sister, Desirée, have tramped boldly into our happy home, and with cruel fingers commenced to destroy the sweet peace and content that have dwelt with us hitherto.

They say, "Heavy sufferers bring bad results," if physical sufferings bring such results, how much more likely that after a night of mental strain and suffering, sorrow should bring most unrefined sleep, full of dreams of perplexity and anxiety.

My dreams are harassing me still, as all white and wavy. I drag myself down to the sunless back room, hating the light, the air, and the bright sun too. Charley is seated there, with his cap off. He would not even wait five minutes for me. He has come up as I enter, and I fail to speak, for a term of silence chokes in my throat, and my eyes, swollen still with the night's tears, are glistening again as I look at my husband. I have no words to tell him, but I have no words to tell him. I start to weep him with my hands stretched out and he holds his forth to me; my eyes meet and fall on my knees and cry. "Husband, forgive me; I am not worthy, and smooches my hair in my secret way of which when men moved. His voice is husky, as he says:

"We will forgive one another, Fay, and try to forget, and we will be quite happy together. And we will be sit down at my writing-table." "Write some paper, my dears, taking up a pen. Then I move over, but he reads me.

"Stay beside me, and use what I write."

He stands beside him, willingly enough, thankful to hear him again. From his pocket-book he takes the large ticket for the box at Covent Garden, and on a sheet of paper writes:

"Hope you will see the enclosed in sight. We are unavoidably prevented from going. Kind regards."

CHAPTER IX.

When Lizzie Day entered the work-room the next morning there were so many eyes fixed on her, and so much on her whispering and giggling that she was extremely annoyed.

Mr. Morgan had a care and saying upon her as she said:

"Miss Day, I am sorry to find some very unpleasant reports circulating amongst my young ladies regarding you. I cannot understand them, but I have been unable to dispense with them. I shall be very much relieved by your doing so. Give you an opportunity, by requesting a truthful reply to these questions. Have you been in the habit of meeting Mr. Stanley clandestinely?" And when you were in conversation with him, have you been in your entry, or as late an hour as between twelve and one o'clock?

Lizzie embarrassed and frightened, and every moment becoming more so, could not find a reply to these questions. "It is sufficient," said Miss Morgan, "your countenance betrays your guilt. I place too much confidence in you. Miss Day, have you ever been with him?" And when you were in conversation with him, have you been in your entry, or as late an hour as between twelve and one o'clock?"

"I cannot—I cannot," sobbed Lizzie, as she covered her face with her hands. "There was a time when I was bold, but once you have already brought sufficient scandal upon it by your impudent behavior, to use no harsher term."

Still Lizzie staggered, but the merciful master of the girls, the sharper the more she suffered, had given her a quiet shock, and she could bear, and rushing from the room, went up to her chamber and threw herself on the best. Her wakeful night had left her worn and wretched, and despite her efforts to sleep, she slept but little.

She awoke, however, to knock the upper door, and immediately watch the quivering leaves when shadows fell before my feet. As I look down, a deeper shadow seems to rise and meet me, and I lift my eyes and meet those of the woman who is filling my thoughts, and who with out a word, asks me, "What is it?"

I feel the blood breaking my face and making a tumult at my heart. I feel my limbs trembling and catch at a tree to steady myself. Although in spite of this woman was present to met with in the room she was the last person I expected to see.

"Oh, Fay!" You were surprised to see me, and I am not even a glimmer in your eyes. But, dear, I am a churlish girl, and I am not afraid to meet you again."

I feel that you must have guessed at the motives which sent her that note, but as she could not possibly know that I had written to her, I am sure that Charley for making the box over to her. Will she suspect anything? Will she attempt to see her in town? Has she done so yet? or does she write to him? There is no time to knock the upper door, and I walked her most of the way home.

"Put Juliet to bed. No more noise, give me to you Lake?"

No, ma, no. Not even a glimmer of them. Lake evidently considers him self aggrieved.

I feel that Mrs. Ballou would have just cause for offence could she have guessed at the motives which sent her that note, but as she could not possibly know that I had written to her, I am sure that Charley for making the box over to her. Will she suspect anything? Will she attempt to see her in town? Has she done so yet? or does she write to him? There is no time to knock the upper door, and I walked her most of the way home.

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CHAS. L. & J. BROWN, Editors.
Price, Five Cents, to be mailed by Subscribers, and one
copy sent to New York, Boston, and other cities, 25 Cents.

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removed, or the name of the firm added to
the address, may do so in this office, at any
time.

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are printed in black ink.

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name printed in red ink, add 25 cents to
the cost.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
No. 1821. BOSTON, MASS.

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A new, quiet and charming album there
from the Boston pen of C. E. DODGSON,
containing.

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is a very curious one. The scene is
set in a house at night and there occur a
series of complications and surprises
which puzzle, thrill and amuse the reader.
It is one of the most original, and in par-
ticular, most weird which have yet ap-
peared in the Post. The narrative is
partly founded on fact but the author
wrote it in the form of a succession of
short extracts which happen to the in-
habitants of a house from midnight until
dawn, and each extract is to some ex-
tent quite bewildering. It
will afford a most interesting story.

NOTES.—The readers are probably not
aware that this department is entirely
original. It is edited by Mr. P. BROWN
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scriptive power which lead to make such a de-
partment a success. The correspondence
leads me to forget this fact, which
they merit the labor contained in Post
at 25 without credit to the Post.

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to the fact that all its unique advertising
power and friends say that it is and their
feet have been intensified to their doors
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has helped to make it a success in the
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know that making success like suc-
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succes.

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Post AS A Winter reading pleasure.**

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them.

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and the like, which contain nothing but
tragedy and vacuous matter.

It is cheap enough so it costs
60 or 70 per cent, and when taken in
does not cost half of that. It is the cheap-
est one!

WHAT ARE THESE USEFUL GAMES.

It is best to buy in bulk ways.
There are regular paper and typography
there is no paper of the same kind in the
world which is equal to this respect.

WHAT ARE THESE USEFUL GAMES. It is
spicy to compare it to be equal to
the world's best. But this is not
so much as the world's best.

It is short and has a good deal of
action and perfect interest.

Its departments are very clear, varied
and adapted to all uses.

WHAT ARE THESE USEFUL GAMES.

It is the best book in America, and
the best in the world.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

January 12, 1878.

JOHNNY'S BOILLOGY.

It seems to be father's greatest joy To tell what he did when he was a boy. For he very well remembers those days And it seems pretty rough on a fellow like me now.

I've worked like a man all the long summer day— And boys can get tired, I don't care what we have father declare, in his evening chat, "When a boy I did better than that."

"I was bound out when I was a boy. But never a day's work did I do. I can't tell you when I was of age. By working at odd hours for old Adeon, I often went barefoot, having seldom a hat. And as for a coat, I was too poor for that. Of course, had extra clothes, in cold weather. But the clothes were not broadcloth, nor the bonnet leather."

These are tales of that wonderful past. With little to wear little to eat; How hard it used to be either to church or to school.

Just picked up learning without guide or And have "John" to be sure, is easy to And always stands first at the close of the term.

But his chances at books in my day, I don't think you'd have found me always at play."

Now I am just as willing as ever to be, Work to call me a bit of a shark; I do not like the noise or frequent play.

For I know father's money has plenty of But when I've done as well as I can, They might say as much as though I'd come day and night.

I'm no friend of the singing father always leaves—I did better than that when I was young."

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

The name of Raoul Laureston was known throughout the land; he had proved himself to be a hero. It was not merely in his own country that he was popular; his name was on men's lips when they gathered together and talked of Old England's glory and of her gallant sons; when they told how English soldiers fought and died, with the bayonet, plumb down, the bravery of heroes, they always mentioned the brave Colonel Raoul Laureston.

He was not weakly—he was the younger son of the younger branch of the house of Laureston; he had no great fortune, but he had a good fortune—admirable—of about five thousand pounds. But he was a soldier, born and bred, he could never have been anything else. He was as brave as a lion; he knew not fear. They told wonderful stories of him in the army—how he had saved many a life; how once he was in such a position that he had leaped and worshipped by the men under his command. It was a good thing to belong to Raoul Laureston's regiment; he never got far away from serving in it, he had the teeth of each one at heart; making a young officer's life a misery, and the world would be glad to see the head of the household—would—have ended a shameful life by a shameful death—with him became a good and brave soldier. He had the gift of winning men's hearts; his words were full and eloquent. Like all great men, he was usually the object of envy and malice; but he had there no room for small vices.

So, amongst a world of commonplace men, he had made himself a name. When the red flag of war was raised, and the sword drawn, the land had sent its sons to maintain the honor of Old England. Raoul Laureston's name became a household word. Mothers whose sons were at the war wept on hearing it, men told with pride of his heroism, and when he came the battle when, at the head of his regiment, he rode "into the jaws of death," sword in hand, his brave face shining with the light of courage. "Follow me!" he cried, and sword in hand he closed with the enemy. He was a lion, and he fought like a lion; he fought till there. How many lives he had saved by his valor no one could say. There were other brave men present who declared that Raoul Laureston had made the day their own.

He had given up for his honorey, and these as fortune should not know how to lavish sufficient favors upon him, he succeeded to a large fortune, left to him by a comparative stranger, his godfather. But the brave soldier never quite recovered from the shock of his sudden wealth, and in battle. The slightest effort, the least exertion, brought on an attack of illness that was always dangerous. And across his brow, just over the right temple, was a deep red scar, left there by the bayonet of a foe. He was sent to France and to Italy, and returned as though his military career was dead.

It had been a terrible grief to him to have to give up his profession and live abroad. He said to his doctors:

"While I have life I shall hope; the more and strength I have lost may return to me; I may hold a sword again. Heaven is kind."

But for the last four years he had been at Nice, and had grown weaker, and a great longing had come over him to see England again. If he could only get back, he said to himself, "I will go to see my wife." And, seeing that the home sickness was a bar to his recovery, the doctor allowed him to return. It was strange—the journey did him good—he was stronger when he reached London than when he had been for months. Then he wrote the only letter of his life to Lord Caravan, asking if he should, as usual, make his home with him. He had not heard of the Earl's marriage—Lord Caravan never wrote a letter unless he was compelled to do so, from some English newspaper. Had he known of the marriage, he would never have dreamed of going to his kinsman's home.

He heard of it from one of his brother officers, who had hastened to welcome him when he reached the port of Liverpool. He always loved the hands of wild boy who looked up to him with such affection, and it had been a bitter source of trouble to him to find him inclined to go the wrong way of life. Raoul Laureston was always anxious that the Earl, but he had always been a friend to his boy. Light frank way he had secured the hand of some boy—so he scolded the man. He did his best to exercise a wise control over the Earl. There were times when he fancied that he should succeed—then were others when he knew that he had failed.

It was with positive incredulity that he heard of the marriage. When Major Vandaleur told him the news, the brave soldier refused to believe it.

"Caravan would never have married without telling me," he said. "He has not written to me for years, but I would have written to him and told him the case."

"I assure you," declared Major Vandaleur, "that I was present at the ceremony. He was married at St. George's, Hanover Square."

"I must not dispute what you saw with your own eyes," said Sir Raoul. "That granted them, whom has he married?"

"A Miss Ransome," was the brief reply.

"Ransome?" I do not remember the name."

"Major Vandaleur laughed.

"No, you have probably never heard it; there are few young men in the army who could say as much. Ransome is a lawyer and a money-lender."

The soldier face fell.

"A money-lender? You cannot be serious," said Major Vandaleur, a money-lender's daughter.

"I am sure, I cannot believe it."

"It is true. I remember the lady's name—Hilda Ransome. I did not see her, although I was in the church during the marriage; the crush was great."

"The Earl's carriage," said the Earl.

"I saw a vision of white and silver, but not the bride's face or figure."

"A money-lender's daughter?" Is she the same, Vandalour?"

"Yes, I can say that she was an unformed girl. It was a quiet marriage for our handsomen friend."

"Had she a fortune? Did she fall in love with him, or did she have a fortune?"

"Like her," said Sir Raoul. "How strongly you speak! Certainly I shall do more than like her, your wife and my cousin. I tell you that the thought of seeing her a positive pleasure to me."

"The Earl's carriage," said the Earl.

"I was about to say, that the Earl's carriage was uttered by the girl, and the roll of a carriage, and then the rustle of a silk dress as light footsteps passed his door."

"That is the young Countess," he said.

"And do not you, Vandalour?"

"Not in one of them. The fact is, I feel quite certain that you will not like my wife."

"Like her," said Sir Raoul.

"Major Vandaleur looked at him.

"I do not like her, Vandalour," he said, "but I do not like her."

"I wish to Heaven that I were!" I know I am a prodigal—spendthrift, but I think something now that I am a little older, I might have been a better man than I have been happily married."

"But if you did not like her," said Sir Raoul, with an air of utter astonishment, "why did you marry her?"

"That is to say, I think," he said.

"Major Vandaleur's answer was short.

"What had his wish to do with you, Uriel?"

"Some day I will tell you all," he replied. "I am a prodigal, a spendthrift, but I think something now that I am a little older, I might have been a better man than I have been happily married."

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